Babs and Gladys could have been twins, except one was light and one was dark. I don't even remember which.

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Things came to a crisis in February. I relieved Caspar. Serge had been on earlier, with Babs.

The manager was lazy about scheduling. She was lazy about everything. She'd stick the schedule on the cupboard over the computer for the relief staff to fill in as they came to it. It was easy for her but hard on anyone who came to it after greedy people. Such were Serge and Babs. They had a feeding frenzy.

I put my complaint in writing and reviewed it with Adam. He told me to tone down some passages about Babs. They were too personal. Besides, everyone hated her already. I retyped the letter and taped it to the computer where the manager couldn't miss it.

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The manager lived in Best Lodge. It was a high-rise feudally mismanaged by the worthless crackhead scions of Boris Ulyanov Fillmore, Vaslav and Ivan. It was the United Nations under terrorist attack with all the interpreters on